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THE PACIFIC

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TAGORE'S PRAYER FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

THE PACIFIC

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A BIGGER RULE.

In a chapter on "The Religious Revival," in his recent book relating to the war, Mr. H. G. Wells tells of a visit he had in Rome with Mr. David Lubin, the prime mover in the organization of the International Institute of Agriculture.

Mr. Wells remarked to Mr. Lubin: "Many of us seem to be drifting away from the ideas of nationalism and faction and policy towards something else which is larger. It is an idea of a right way of doing things for human purposes, independently of these limited and localized references."

Mention was made by Mr. Wells of several movements relating to international interests and welfare,—among them that in which Mr. Lubin is leading, the purpose of which is to keep an up-to-date record of the production of food staples in the world with a view to the ultimate world control of food supply and distribution—and in this connection Wells remarked, "We are feeling our way towards a bigger rule."

Mr. Lubin's remark as to this was, "The Rule of Righteousness." Then Mr. Wells went on to say that he had been coming more and more to the idea of the whole world as one state and community and of God as the King of that state. This, as the ruling and directing idea, the structural idea, of all one's political and social activities.

Mr. Lubin seized an Old Testament that was lying on a table in the room, and rapping on its cover, exclaimed with fervor, "It is here, in the Prophets!"

Mr. Wells says that they went on then, talking religion for two hours; and that this talk was only one of a number of talks about religion which he had had of late with practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is, and who perceive that they must have "a leadership and reference outside themselves." He says that this is one of the reasons why he is now asserting so confidently that there is a real deep religious movement afoot in the world.

But neither Mr. Wells nor any one else who has studied this movement has any thought that it is for the bolstering up of the narrowness and bigotry of much that has been grafted onto Christianity during the centuries. It looks to the pure thing. The thought of Mr. Wells is that it des not bode well for those whom he calls the "professional religious."

We turn back now to the Prophets whom Mr. Lubin had in mind when he said of the rule that is to be, "it is here—in the Prophets!"

We find Amos saying: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion * * * the notable men of the chief of the nations; ye that put far away the evil day, and cause the seat of violence to come near, that lie upon beds of ivory and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stall; that sing idle songs to the sound of the viol; that invent for themselves instruments of music like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief oils, but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph."

And again, thus saith Jehovah: "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies. * * * Take thou away from me the noise of the songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

O that men everywhere could get the vision of the Rule of Righteousness! O, that the Church could get it, and the world be spared the rod!

Never had the world more of a call to heed these words of old than it has today: "I have made thee desolate because of thy sins. Thou shalt eat, but not be satisfied; and thy humiliation shall be in the midst of thee; and thou shalt not save, and that which thou savest will I give up to the sword." These are Micah's words to Israel and Judah; they are God's words to the nations of the twentieth century! The nations have been putting away, but they have not saved, and that which they have put away has been given to the sword. A Bigger Rule is needed—the rule of the world kingdom of God. And that is what the peoples of the world are fighting for today. Many see only a lower end—an individual end or a national end, but high over all other banners floats the banner of the Republic of God, emblazoned on which are the words, "Service for mankind is the true worship of God." "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

"From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty worlds cohere—
And there's star-dust for a million worlds to be;
There are many things that happen in the long Platonic year,—
There are new stars yet unmolded that the coming days will see.

The cosmic stuff for stars and men the years shall not debase,—
And greater stars than throng the skies shall newly loom in space,
And greater men than yet have been shall yet redeem the race.
There are large eternal fellows yet to be."

—Sam Walter Foss.

"Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Karnak and the stones of Babylon—
We raised our pillars upon self-desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton will go to London some time this month to enter on the work in the City Temple.

WAS IT PREVISION?

In the year 1865, soon after the close of the Civil War, Walt Whitman wrote a poem which applies in a striking manner to occurrences upon the earth today. Those persons who follow this article carefully through to the end will see, we believe, that it is not wild to ask concerning that poem, "Was it prevision?" The poem first published with the title "Years of the Unperform'd" appears now as "Years of the Modern." We quote it only in part, though in the main, for the poem is a short one.

"Years of the modern! years of the unperform'd!
Your horizon rises, I see it parting away for more august dramas.
I see not America only, not only liberty's nation, but other nations preparing.
I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races.
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage.
(Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? Are the acts suitable to them closed?)
I see Freedom, completely armed and victorious and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,
A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?
I see men marching and counter-marching by swift millions.
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken,
It see the landmarks of European kings removed,
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way.)
Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God;
Lo, he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest.

* * * * * *

What whispers are these O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming en-masse? for lo, tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim!
The earth, restive confronts a new era, perhaps a general divine war,
No one knows what will happen next, such portents fill the days and nights;
Years prophetical! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it is full of phantoms,
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me;
This incredible rush and heat, this strange ecstatic fever of dreams, O years!
Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me! (I know not whether I sleep or wake.)
The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me."

A good many years ago, we do not know just when. Edward Carptenter, an eminent British writer, wrote also a poem which startles present-day readers. There are good reasons for asking as to Carpenter's poem, also "Was it prevision?" The poem is, in part, as follows:

"The old structures can no longer stand—their very foundations are shifted—

And men run forth in terror from the old before they can yet find firm ground for the new.

In all directions gulfs and yawning abysses,

The ground of society cracking, the fire showing through.

The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—

At the sound of the new work spoken—

At the sound of the word Democracy.

The politician turns round upon himself—like the scientist he acknowledges his brain baffled by the problems; he reaches his hand for help to the the hand of the people.

The commercial man turns round, the firm ground gives way beneath his feet also; to give now seems better than to get—and what sort of a trade motto is that?

All the customs of society change, for all are significant; and the long accepted axioms of every-day life are dislocated like a hill-side in a landslip.

No volcano bursting up through peaceful pastures is a greater revolution than this;

No vast mountain chain thrown out from ocean depths to form the primitive streak of a new continent looks further down the future;

For this is lava springing out of the very heart of Man;

This is the upheaval of heaven-kissing summits whose streams shall feed the farthest generations.

This is the draft and outline of a new creature,

The forming of the wings of Man beneath the outer husk—

The outspread pinions of Equality, whereon arising he shall at last lift himself over the Earth and launch forth to sail through Heaven."

We are not leaping to the conclusion that there is anything more in the foregoing poems than such a forecasting of the future as any man of fair intelligence could make.

The large majority of persons will say that there is nothing more than that. We wish nevertheless to lead our readers to at least a consideration of something other.

All will have to admit, at least, that there are startling statements here, and that as none others have done, these two men have years in advance pictured with remarkable accuracy present day world conditions. The very things set forth in their poems have occurred or are about to occur. Today in Russia men are running forth in terror from the old and are unable yet to find firm ground for the new. There are many reasons for the belief which not a few persons entertain that in our land in the near future there may be in the industrial world such unsettlings as will fit this picture accurately.

The whole earth is indeed restive. It seems to confront a new era. And before that era can be usherd in no one knows what may happen.

Turn now to some of the experiences of Whitman and Carpenter before they wrote these remarkable forecasts!

Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter experienced at certain times in their lives what has been called cosmic consciousness. This has been defined as "A consciousness of the cosmos; that is, of the life and order of the universe."

In conjunction with the consciousness of the cosmos, there comes an intellectual enlightenment or illumination which places the individual for a time on a plane of existence higher than that occupied by his fellows in general; he becomes in some sense almost a new species. Along with this enlightenment there is moral exaltation; there is a

feeling of elation and joyousness, a sense of such unity and purposeiveness in the universe as to lift the individual out of and above the present—joying and rejoicing in that which he realizes is to be, he has joy also in that which is. It is all a part of the process.

In this state men **know** themselves to be immortal; it is not a conviction that they shall have immortality, but a consciousness that they have it already. It is not a faith, but a present possession.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet who has delighted the world with his inspiring songs, had that intellectual enlightment and moral quickening at the age of thirty; it came to him suddenly one morning as he stood looking out over an Indian landscape. Something inexplicable happened; his whole being thrilled with an awakening; he heard a call to mingle his life with the great ocean of life—felt indeed that it was a part of that great ocean, and entered on that career in which he has been a blessing not only to his own people but an inspiration all around the world.

Thoreau, who is supposed to have stood on the borders of this consciousness, wrote:

"I hearing get who had but ears,
And sight who had but eyes before;
I moments live who lived but years,
And truth discern who knew but learnings' lore.

"I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light."

These experiences are similar in some respects to those of the Christian mystics of the different centuries—among them St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Genoa, Jacob Boehme and Fox.

Boehme has testified that the Gate was opened to him so that in a quarter of an hour he saw more and knew more than he could ever have learned otherwise. He said that he had a thorough view of the universe, as in a chaos wherein all things were couched and wrapped up; but that it was impossible for him to explain.

The Apostle Paul had experiences, whether in the body or out of the body, he did not know, which he could not relate. But they were a part of those remarkable experiences of his which transformed and moulded his life and sent it as an abiding influence down the ages.

Note now the fact that Whitman, in the poem which we have quoted, declares that he knew not whether he was asleep or awake as the dreams and visions of the years flowed through him.

Men eminent in psychic research testify that there are well-established cases of prevision—a looking into the not far distant future—"which, though they do not prove much, seem to confirm the idea that a store exists filled with future events as real, as distinct, and as immutable as those of the past." And they allow us to hope, writes Maeterlinck in "The Unknown Guest," "that there are paths leading thither which as yet we do not know, but which it will not be forever impossible to discover."

Years ago Mr. F. W. H. Myers, who had given much attention to psychic phenomena, wrote: "Few men have pondered long on these problems of Past and Future without wondering whether Past and Future be in very truth more than a name—whether we may not be apprehending as a stream of sequence that which is an ocean of co-existence, and slicing our subjective years and centuries from timeless and absolute things."

There are others who incline to the belief that there is a Cosmic Mind of which men lay hold—some only in a small way; others, such as the seers and men of genius, to a great extent.

It was our intention when we began this article to take up in connection therewith some of the startling declarations in the Bible which not a few persons believe to have been predictions and to apply to present day events, but which many others dismiss as having no reference or relation thereto. That work will have to be postponed for a week.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

John R. Mott said recently in New York City: "I saw not in all Europe a selfish man, woman, or child." Such a spirit cannot rule for long and considerable of it not be carried on into the days and years after the war.

Dr. Abraham Jacobi, professor emeritus of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, New York City, and one of America's foremost physicians, is in the active practice of medicine at the age of 87. His reputation as a specialist of the diseases of children is world-wide.

When "Ralph Connor" after his return to Canada from the battlefields of Europe called together the mothers and wives and sweethearts of the men who had given their lives in France, to speak words of comfort to them he was overcome with emotion until one Scotch mother arose and said: "Dinna weep, Dominie, we would no' hae them back."

In 1906 the Government of China decreed that the poppy fields were to be reduced one tenth each year thereafter, until the country was free from this drug-yielding plant. The decree has been enforced and China is practically free today from the curse of the opium traffic. This achievement is greater than those in France and Russia in banishing absinthe and vodka.

In a statement concerning his acceptance of the call to Westminster Chapel, London, Dr. Jowett said that he "coveted the opportunity of taking part in the glorious work of reconstruction after the war." Dr. Jowett will remain with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City until the spring of 1918 unless the church finds it possible to secure a successor before that time.

One of Billy Sunday's New York addresses was entitled: The Devil's Boomerang Up to Date; or Hot Cakes off the Griddle." The New York Times says that it contained language so frank that one man arose and protested on the ground that there were small boys in the audience. Mr. Sunday told him to keep quiet, remarking: "If you don't like the way I preach you can beat it. I'll do the wind-jamming here."

The trustees of Columbia University have decided to reorganize religious and social activities on the campus and coordinate them under a special department to be known as the Department of Religion. A director of religious and social work is to be appointed to aid the chaplain in building up the religious life of the University community and to cooperate in the volunteer work of religious organizations of every kind.

The Bible will be used in the literacy test for aliens, under the provisions of the new immigration law. The Department of Labor states that this is because the Bible

is the only book in the world that is translated into practically every tongue, and the simple and idiomatic expressions in the various languages which the translators have used make it possible for the common people of the various countries to grasp the meaning thoroughly and readily.

A throat specialist in New York is aiding in the Billy Sunday campaign—treating the evangelist's throat so as to enable his voice to hold out for the balance of the campaign. Early last week the trail hitters numbered 27,035. Mrs. Sunday won 289 of these at a woman's meeting in the Hippodrome. The collections netting $87,384 up to Tuesday of last week are said by Mr. Sunday to be far short of what they should be. The campaign will cost $150,000.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, will sell its present site and will build anew on the southeast corner of Park Avenue and Sixty-fourth street. The site and building will cost one million dollars—the building four hundred thousand. The present site can be sold for half a million. John D. Rockefeller will add fifty per cent to all amounts subscribed for a building fund. Construction work will not begin for a year yet. This Fifth Avenue Church has 650 members. Dr. Aked was a former pastor.

In his most recent book Mr. H. G. Wells tells of a visit which he made to a shell factory in England in which eighty per cent of the workers are women. Here is one of his comments: "There is beauty about all these women, there is extraordinary grace in their finely adjusted movements. I have come from an after-lunch coffee upon the boulevards and from watching the ugly fashion of our time; it is a relief to be reminded that most women can after all be beautiful—if only they would not 'dress.' These women wear simple overalls and caps. In the cap is a rosette. Each shed has its own color of rosette."

Billy Sunday has been consigning people to hell indiscriminately in his New York campaign. Dr. John Herman Randall, pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, declared in a recent sermon that if Billy Sunday's consignment of scientists and eminent thinkers to hell should be accepted by the churches the educated youth would be alienated hopelessly. And he likened some of the utterances in the Sunday tabernacle to those of the Spanish inquisition. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, carrying out Mr. Sunday's list to its logical conclusion declares that it will include Abraham Lincoln, Leo Tolstoy, Sarah Flower Adams, the author of "Nearer My God to Thee," John Bowring, author of "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," Julia Ward Howe, author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, Edward Everett Hale, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Sumner, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Webster, Dorethea Dix, Lucy Stone, William Ellery Channing and many others.

Most of the persons with whom we come in contact are unable to find any good reasons why Colonel Roosevelt should not be allowed to lead his volunteer army to France. It can interefere with the conscription plan in no way, and the men could be quickly trained in France, if not here before departure. The Colonel's impulsiveness would not be likely to bring any disaster, for he would be subject to those higher in command. Moreover it is not all evident that Mr. Roosevelt, high in command, might not prove a very capable man in the kind of warfare now going on. The whole method of war has been so altered during recent years as to make it a thing quite different from what it had been for a long time. H. G. Wells tells us in one of his books on the war: "The business organizer, the civil engineer, the energetic man of general intelligence is just as likely to make a succcssful commander at this new warfare as a man of the old army class. This is not, I think, realized as yet by the British as clearly as it is by the French."

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH IN THIS HOUR OF NATIONAL NEED.

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America in Special Session Assembled at Washington, D. C.

May 8-9, 1917.

After long patience, and with a solemn sense of responsibility, the government of the United States has been forced to recognize that a state of war exists betwen this country and Germany, and the President has called upon all the people for their loyal support and whole-hearted allegience. As American citizens, members of Christian Churches gathered in Federal Council, we are here to pledge both support and allegiance in unstinted measure.

We are Christians as well as citizens. Upon us, therefore, rests a double responsibility. We owe it to our country to maintain intact and to transmit unimpaired to our descendants our heritage of freedom and democracy. Above and beyond this, we must be loyal to our divine Lord who gave His life that the world might be redeemed, and whose loving purpose embraces every man and every nation.

As citizens of a peace-loving nation we abhor war. We have long striven to secure the judicial settlement of all international disputes. But since, in spite of every effort war has come, we are grateful that the ends to which we are committed are such as we can approve. To vindicate the principles of righteousness and the inviolability of faith as between nation and nation; to safeguard the right of all the peoples, great and small alike, to live their life in freedom and peace, to resist and overcome the forces that would prevent the union of the nations in a commonwealth of free peoples conscious of unity in the pursuit of ideal ends —these are aims for which everyone of us may lay down our all, even life itself.

We enter the war without haste or passion, not for private or national gain, with no hatred or bitterness against those with whom we contend.

No man can foresee the issue of the struggle. It will call for all the strength and heroism of which the nation is capable. What is the mission of the Church in this hour of crisis and danger? It is to bring all that is done or planned in the nation's name to the test of the mind of Christ.

That mind upon one point we do not all interpret alike. With sincere conviction some of us believe that it is forbidden the disciple of Christ to engage in war under any circumstances. Most of us believe that the love of all men which Christ enjoins, demands that we defend with all the power given us the sacred rights of humanity. But we are all at one in loyalty to our country, and in steadfast and whole-hearted devotion to her service.

As members of the Church of Christ, the hour lays upon us special duties:

To purge our hearts clean of arrogance and unselfishness.

To steady and inspire the nation;

To keep ever before the eyes of ourselves and our allies the ends for which we fight;

To hold our own nation true to its professed aims of justice, liberty and brotherhood;

To testify to our fellow-Christian in every land, most of

all to those from whom for the time we are estranged, our consciousness of unbroken unity in Christ;

To unite in the fellowship of service multitudes who love their enemies and are ready to join with them in rebuilding the waste places as soon as peace shall come;

To be diligent in works of relief and mercy, not forgetting those ministries of the spirit, to which as Christians we are especially committed;

To keep alive the spirit of prayer, that in these times of strain and sorrow, men may be sustained by the consciousness of the presence and power of God;

To hearten those who go to the front, and to comfort their loved ones at home;

To care for the welfare of our young men in the Army and Navy, that they may be fortified in character and made strong to resist temptation;

To be vigilant against every attempt to arouse the spirit of vengeance and unjust suspicion toward those of foreign birth and sympathies;

To protect the rights of conscience against every attempt to invade them;

To maintain our Christian institutions and activities unimpaired, that the soul of our nation may be nourished and renewed through the worship and service of Almighty God;

To guard the gains of education, and of social progress and economic freedom, won at so great a cost, and to make full use of the occasion to set them still further forward, even by and through the war;

To keep the open mind and the forward look, that the lessons learned in war may not be forgotten when comes that just and sacred peace for which we pray;

Above all, to call men everywhere to new obedience to the will of our Father God, who in Christ has given Himself in supreme self-sacrifice for the redemption of the world, and who invited us to share with Him His ministry of reconciliation.

To such service we would summon our fellow-Christians of every name. In this spirit we would dedicate ourselves and all that we have to the nation's cause. With this hope we would join hands with all men of good-will of every land and race, to rebuild on this war-ridden and desolated earth the commonwealth of mankind, and make of the kingdoms of the world the Kingdom of the Christ.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

A book entitled "Victory or Defeat," written by Mr. Arthur Mee, a man of prominence in England and who has the inteersts of his country at heart, was published not long ago. A few quotations therefrom will show what a curse the liquor traffic has been to the United Kingdom during the war, and may spur people in our own country on to such action as will lead to its suppression both in this land and in the Island Kingdom. Mr. Mee writes:

"You have read the ghastly story of the extermination of Armenia. It is dramatic, and you notice it; but you have not read, perhaps the drying up of the life-stream from Scotland? It is quiet and slow, and it has alcohol and not guns behind it, and you do not notice it; but is anything in this war more appalling than the vital facts of Scotland? In the first full year of war the number of marriages in Scotland was the largest ever known, but the number of children born alive was the smallest ever known. The number of deaths among babies was higher than for half a generation past. In these record days of marriage the river of life in Scotland dries up as never before, and those who are alive die faster, and those who are born die in thousands when they would have lived a year or two ago. Is it nothing to us that in the great days coming Scotland will be weaker and not stronger than of old? * * * *

"You have only to step out of doors, or pick up a paper, to see the battlefields of drink. Dozens of colonial troops, Canadians and Australians, were fighting a day or two ago—not in France, but close to Westminster; not the Germans, but one another; and they went on fighting till one at least was mortally wounded. Forty-five women went out from Sheffield for a ride in wagonettes, and a police officer declared that in 25 years of police life among miners he had never seen such a drunken party. The wagonettes were packed with boxes of beer, and not a woman was sober. At a fire in a Nottingham factory a druken sailor sat astride the burning roof, and it took three firemen, at the peril of their lives, to stop him from jumping into the flames below. At Preston the wife of an army officer was charged with neglecting six children, the youngest lately born, the oldest 10. The house and the children were in a filthy state, and the wife lay drunk with two of her friends. On the table was half a bottle of rum and two bottles of stout; in one day she had bought three quarts of rum, and of 27 pounds received from the army she spent in three weeks 22 pounds. An army doctor had told of two cases lately received at Claybury Asylum, one of a soldier's wife who wasted her allowance, neglected her children, and drank herself insane; the other of a man who used to pay income tax, whom drink has lately driven to this asylum as a pauper lunatic. * * * *

"In one hour nearly 1,500 men and 2,000 women went into four public houses in London; into one public house at London Bridge there went in one hour on a Sunday 344 men, 235 women and 300 soldiers and sailors. Into four public houses there went in one hour 879 women, 1,205 men and 697 soldiers. Of 5,000 troops given leave from one barracks, most of them abstainers, 659 came back drunk. Two drunken soldiers were wheeled in barrels to a train in Glasgow, and the Bishop of Liverpool tells us that, as he watched a hideous drunken sight at a station, an officer leaving for the front turned around and said, 'What a disgusting sight; if these men were at the front they would be shot.' But they were not at the front; they were at thome, where we drink as usual. * * * *

"In the tug of war between drink and munitions in the early days drink was winning all the time; in the tug of war between the Empire and the drink trade at its heart drink wins again. No petition for a quarter of a century has been so widely and readily signed in Canada as the great petition of protest from wives and mothers to the Prime Minister of the Dominion. For weeks thousands of mothers and wives were signing it every day, and in one month in Ontario alone over 60,000 married women signed their names. 'We do not believe,' said this petition, 'that our King will refuse the aid of Canada's sons, nor appreciate our patriotic efforts less, if you keep faith with us and make it known to his ministers and commanders that our boys are sent on the one condition that intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited in their ranks.' I have a letter on my desk from a Canadian officer, written at the front a month or two ago. Here is this voice from the battlefields of France:

" 'Canadian mothers have said that if England will not respect our ideals in our own Canadian camps, we will not send our sons. A huge mothers' and wives' and sisters' petition was sent to the Canadian government on this question over a year ago, and hundreds of Canadian women who love England have refrainned from urging their men to enlist. I am convinced that could our Canadian women

have seen the difference made by one month on a wet transport and in a wet camp in England, thousands of men would have been urged by them not to enlist.' * * * *

"Destruction of food. The plain fact about drink and food is that since the war began we could have had, at the very least, 3½ million more tons of food in this country if there had been no drink trade. Drink has stolen one pound of food from every home in this country for every day of the war. That is what we have paid in food to keep the drink trade going."

"YOU MAY CARRY HALF!"

Among our favorite poems, from boyhood days, is one entitled "Katie Lee and Willie Gray." We quote a part of it here. If people would but learn, would be willing, to carry half up the hill of life, what a changed world it would be. Not all the burdens of others; but part of them—enough to afford relief where relief is needed! "Bear ye one anothers' burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ!"

Willie Grey loved Katie Lee. It is easy to bear burdens for those we love as Willie Grey loved Katie Lee. But we should love everybody as Christ loved everybody; and that implies, if we are true to Him, a bearing of their burdens.

"Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
"Two eyes black, and two eyes blue;
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

"They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks;
Half in thought, and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow
Swung a basket to and fro.
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

" 'Pretty Katie,' Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
'Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.'

"Katie answered with a laugh,
'You shall carry only half,'
And then, tossing back her curls,
'Boys are weak as well as girls,'
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

"Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,—

"Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,
'I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

" 'Will you trust me, Katie dear,—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?'
And she answered, with a laugh,
'No, but you may carry half.' "

THE CHURCH IN SONOMA COUNTY.

An Address by the Rev. C. C. Cragin at the Sonoma Association Meeting.

A brief survey of Sonoma County from various standpoints may help our discussion.

1.—First, from the standpoint of the historian—Tom Gregory, for example, a story of achievement, variety and romance. Here are some of the headlines of his chapters: "Russians come hunting sea-otter; Greek and Roman Crosses; Sebastopol and the Crimean War; Five Flags That Wave Here." So the history tells of the Indian, the Spaniard, the Russian, the Mexican and the Americans. And this diversity one of the problems of our county.

2.—Secondly, Sonoma county from the standpoint of the magazine. The quaint adobe houses, the ancient mission churches, the memorable earthquake and fire, the winsomeness of the Russian river country, the majesty of the Armstrong Woods, the contrasted scenery of mountain and valley, forest and meadow, sea coast and running water, the glorious climate, the genial sunshine, the copious rainfall, the exhilarating out of door life, the fame of Jack London, the achievements of Luther Burbank—so reads the magazine, and so goes the argument. Sonoma county, a good place to live in.

3.—And from the standpoint of the Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma county is a good place to make money in. In this season of scanty rainfall our promoters point to the parched fields of the San Joaquin valley, and to our green meadows and fertile soil, free from the white alkali of other sections; and they tell of the variety and abundance of our apples, berries, cherries, citrus fruits, quinces and olives, dairies, hops, pears, prunes, plums, poultry, truck gardening, walnuts.

Healdsburg puts forth an attractive booklet labeled. 'A City Beautiful, a Land Bountiful, Home of the Famous Triplets, Prunes, Grapes, Hops," and three sweet young girls are pictured on the front page of the booklet, in the center of verdure and productiveness, representing the prunes, grapes and hops. And the Chambers of Commerce make a sort of Macedonian cry for colonists, "Come over and help us; we have a million acres of sparsely cultivated land, and only 50,000 people to occupy them."

4.—But what about Sonoma county from the standpoint of the churches? They used to call Evanston Illinois, and Oak Park, "Saint's Rest," for they had so large a proportion of church members that there was little work at home for the churches; so the willing ones among those suburbanites took for their largest field of labor the needy sections of Chicago. But Santa Rosa and Petaluma, the two cities of our county of over 5000 population, need not look

beyond their borders for plentiful opportunities for Christian work. These are always at our door, and the church members in Sonoma county, are in a sad minority. Our own eleven Congregational churches have less than a thousand in their Sunday schools, and there are only eight hundred members in the thirty Christian Endeavor Societies, Senior, Junior and Intermediate, of all the denominations.

Would that we might claim that what we lack in quantity, we make up in quality; that we might truly say, as in the old fable, "Unum sed leonem," one, but a lion." Our number small, but our courage large. But every one of us counts for twenty. But how far is this from being the situation? Is there any significance in the fact that in all the literature advertising the resources and attractions of Sonoma county, we find no mention of the churches, though in the booklet on manufacturing, Santa Rosa specifies "several wineries." Granted that our advertisers have not caught the true perspective, still it is humilating to know that in the view of some people the churches are less entitled to mention than the makers of wine.

I. What are the resources of our churches for their work in Sonoma county? We have a militant ministry, a singularly cosmopolitan pastorate at times more foreign born than native born among the pastors of our Congregational churches. Great Britain furnishing a fine contribution, and even distant Armenia giving us a devoted minister from Tarsus, the home of St. Paul, and a worthy co-laborer of the great apostle to the Gentiles. The thought of Mr. Chakurian leads me to speak of other noble pastors of our county, who have gone before, and joined the church triumphant, but whose memory is a precious legacy, and whose works are a valuable resource to our Sonoma churches—Harrison, Goodell, Jones, Banham, Ainsworth, Rogers, Kirtland, Cross, Chase, Hambleton, Lawson, Perkins, Scudder, Taylor, "being dead, they yet speak." "They rest from their labors, and their works follow with them."

And the rank and file of the membership of our churches have furnished glorious names, and rendered noble service. And some of "the mute, inglorious Miltons," the unheralded on our church books, may be recorded in golden letters in the Lamb's Book of Life.

But when we speak of resources, we do not forget that

> "Zion stands with hills surrounded,
> Zion kept by power divine;
> All her foes shall be confounded,
> Though the world in arms combine.
> Happy Zion, what a favored lot is thine!"

When we rejoice in the beauty of our Sonoma hills, their rounded outlines and their rugged cliffs, their wooded summits and their verdant slopes, we would that these majestic creations of the Almighty might be object lessons to us of the divine care and guidance. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem; so the Lord is round about his people, from this time forth and for evermore."

As in English history, when the little army under the Black Prince faced with dismay the greatly superior forces of the enemy, till their brave leader restored their courage by his urgent challenge, "And what do you count me worth?" so today our chief and all-sufficient resource is the Lord God Almighty, the Lord God of Hosts.

II. Let me speak briefly of the problems of our churches: (a) Education—creating a right public sentiment, resisting materialism, emphasizing our Savior's words, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The standard of success, not money, nor fame, nor pleasure, nor culture, but character, and usefulness. Standing strongly and continuously for these great truths, the churches may count much for God and humanity.

(b) A second problem of the churches is reform—fighting intemperance and debauchery, closing the saloons and the roadhouses, removing temptations from the young and the easily conquered, saving the father's earnings for dresses for the wife and shoes for the children.

(c) A third problem is evangelistic—conversion and Christian growth, getting the heart right with God, and training in Christian character, breaking the control of worldliness, and establishing the sway of Godliness. Our tercentenary program from 1916 to 1920 is to add five hundred thousand persons to the membership of our Congregational Churches.

(d) A fourth problem is financial—local and missionary; to support our home churches liberally, and to carry the gospel to the destitute elsewhere. It will take effort and sacrifice to reach our goal of two millions of mission gifts per year by 1920. "The poor ye have always with you," said Jesus, and many of our church members are poor in purse, and some, I fear, are poor in disposition to give.

(e) A fifth problem is peculiar to this year, the great war. We need our Miles Standish, as well as our William Bradford and William Brewster, if we would do our part in the great struggle for justice and humanity. Belgium and Armenia are calling to us with insistent voices to save them from their despoilers. In entering the war the United States proclaims freedom for the seas, and succor to the down-trodden. The Christian must be a lover of country and a lover of mankind. The Star Spangled Banner is the emblem of equal rights to all, and of deliverance to the captive.

> "Your flag and my flag,
> And, oh, how much it holds.
> Your land and my land,
> Secure within its folds.
> Your heart and my heart
> Beat quicker at the sight.
> Sun-kissed and wind-kissed,
> Red and blue and white.
>
> The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you,
> Glorified, all else beside, the Red, White and Blue."

III. Something should be said with regard to the ideals of our churches. The rural church ought to be a social center, the headquarters for all kinds of helpful neighborhood activities, the thought and the affection of the community centering in it because of what it does for the ranch and the dairy and the poultry yard, the public highway, the school, the playground, the lecture bureau, the concert, the gymnasium, and the physical, mental, social, moral and spiritual well-being of the people.

And the city church has its fundamental part in the welfare of the individual and the community. The church should be a nursery for the children, a training school for the young people, a hospital for the infirm, a workshop for the doors, a fortress for offense and defense, a lifeboat for rescue, and a family for love and protection.

IV. There is inspiration for the churches in the records of its membership in bye-gone days. Note the lives of the Pilgrim Fathers—their unworldliness, their purity, their self-denial, their devotion to principle. When the master of the Mayflower turned its prow back for the return voyage, "Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and

sorrow; short allowance of victuals, and plenty of nothing but gospel," none of the Pilgrims went with him.

"O, strong hearts and true. Not one went back in the Mayflower. No, not one turned back, who had set his hand to this plowing."

But farther reaching in inspiration for the churches are the lives in faith. How earnestly and effectively do they appeal to us by their example. John, the beloved disciple, leaning on Jesus' breast; Peter, the ready, giving his glad confession, "Thou are the Christ, the Son of the living God"; Thomas, the devoted, crying, "Let us also go up to Jerusalem, that we may die with Jesus"; Matthew, the publican, bidding us follow the Master, as he followed him, turning back from the gains of the toll-gathering; Nathanael, the guileless, urging us to seek the hidden place of prayer under the fig tree; James, the epistle writer, bidding us be plain-spoken and consistent, not paying undue heed to rank and wealth; Luke the beloved physician, persuading us to minister to the suffering; Dorcas of Joppa, urging us to be "full of good work and alms deeds," and Martha of Bethany, to do our share in serving, and Mary, her sweet sister, to sit at Jesus' feet, drinking in his words, as the thirsty plant drinks in the dew; Mary Magdalene, the healed demoniac, calling us to cultivate the spirit which would make one glad to be the "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre"; Paul, the ardent missionary, praying us to come into a glorious experience like his: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me."

.V It remains only to give in a word the commands to the churehss by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ: "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs"; "watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

So shall there be attainments by the churches of which the Master will not be ashamed. And when at last the question comes to parents and teachers, to ministers and laymen, to fathers and mothers-in-Israel, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" the answer will come, quick and grateful and triumphant, "Behold, I and the children whom God hath given me."

THE GERMANY WITH WHICH WE ARE AT PEACE.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer spoke in Plymouth Church, Oakland, last Sunday on the foregoing topic. He said in substance:

It would be the supreme tragedy of the world war if we should allow ourselves to become the victims of any bitterness against the German people or any ungenerous lack of appreciation of all that is great and noble in German life and thought.

We are at war with the Imperial German Government because in its desperation that government "has thrown aside all consideration of humanity and of right and wrong and is running amuck" as President Wilson has said. Against the ruthless militarism that violated the neutrality of Belgium, that disregards long-established rights of human life at sea and plots invasion against us from our neighbors—against this sort of a government there seems no recourse but war! But we must remember that it is, as the President says, "an irresponsible government." It has not been elected by the German people and it does not represent their nobler impulses.

There is a Germany with which we are at peace!

It is the Germany of the Reformation which gave to the world Martin Luther and the great German mystic like Tauler and the Moravians. It is the Germany of high philosophic thought from Kant and Hegel to Lotze and Eucken and of great poetry—of Goethe, and Schiller and Heine. It is the Germany of Biblical scholarship and religious insight, of Schliermacher and Weiss, of Julicher and Harnack—with all this side of Germany we have no war.

There is also the Germany of music, of Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss and Wagner. There is the Germany of happy friendly social life, of Christmas trees and fairy tales, and children's toys. There is the Germany of social insurance and care for working people—a Germany from whom we have much to learn. And there is the Germany of clean streets and well ordered cities which has so much to teach us along the lines of civic administration and city planning. With all this nobler Germany we are at peace!

Some day this war will end and the period of reconstruction will arrive. That day will be easier and more hopeful if we have, in the meantime, kept our hearts from all bitterness, if even in the strife of war we have been just and generous in our inner thought and spoken word concerning the great German people with whose autocratic and irresponsible government we are at war.

When the World Republic comes at last the German people will bring their contribution into it—a worthy contribution of music, philosophy and scholarship, of civic order and industrial efficiency.

A SERVICE UNIQUE IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The Upper Bay Association of Congregational Churches had a service of intense interest and significance May 7th at Crockett, California. Mr. C. E. Butterfield a lay preacher for the Methodist Episcopal Church had volunteered as chaplain in the army, all regular chaplains must be ordained clergymen. All the Methodist Conferences had held their spring meetings, and that church can ordain only in conferences. Their leaders asked Dr. L. D. Rathbone, our California State Secretary and Superintendent, if we would and could ordain Mr. Butterfield for them, as an act of Christian courtesy. The Upper Bay Association, meeting first, heard the request as presented by the M. E. Church authorities, and after consultation, most heartily and unanimously agreed to proceed with the ordination. The service was presided over by Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, President of the California State Conference, and moderator of Upper Bay Association. The sermon was given by Rev. C. C. Champlin of Pittsburgh, the charge to the candidate by Rev. J. B. Orr of Oakland, the Ordaining Prayer by Rev. F. M. Washburn of Suisun; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Dr. L. D. Rathbone.

The ordination papers were at once made out, and a letter was voted Rev. C. E. Butterfield to the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We of the Congregational fellowship were glad to help our sister denomination in this their emergency, and join with our Methodist brethren in wishing for Mr. Butterfield a large field of service in the army. G. E. A.

I find that there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some god to the world. Some do it with their society, some with their wit, some with their benevolence, some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humor on all they meet.—John Keats.

REST.

I said that I would seek
For rest, so started on
My journey over hill and
Dale. I met a dusty traveler
On my way, and asked him
If he knew where rest abode.
He answered, "No, my pilgrim
Friend, I cannot tell, for
Long ago I started out in
Quest of it, and I have
Traveled weary years in
Many climes, but rest I have
Not found." His brow was sad,
And as I stood and saw him
Plod along the way, I longed
To find this rest, that I
Might tell this weary pilgrim
Where it could be found.

And while I stood and looked
At him, I saw he limped, as
If he had been injured on
His way. And then I thought
It was my duty to inquire
Into the need of this poor
Pilgrim, who so long had
Sought for rest. And so
I hailed him, then he stopped
Beside the way, and waited,
"I thought I saw you limp,"
I said, "and did not know
But I might help you in
Some way. So speak and tell
Me, friend, what you may need."
He looked at me in wonderment,
And then he slowly spoke:
"Yes, friend, I have been
Injured, on the way, for I
Have met with foes, and in
The conflict, I was wounded
By the very one I thought
Would be my friend."

I dressed his wound, and from
The spring near by a draught
I brought, to slake his
Parched lips. He looked at me
And tried to speak, but in
His voice there was a tremor
That he could not still.
But this much I did hear;
"If I can live to serve you
For this kindness, it will be
All the rest that I shall ask."
I went no further in my
Quest for rest, for I
Had found it, too, in
Service for this pilgrim
On his way.

—E. Morgan Isaac.

Guerneville, Cal.

"Give me the crown of thorns; let fair and sweet
The roses in the garden bloom;
Bedeck me not with garlands lest my feet
Should stumble 'neath the dense perfume,
And scarlet petals crushing stain the garments of my soul."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A report of the meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference at Ontario will appear in The Pacific next week.

Any ministers desiring a pleasant place for a vacation along with pulpit supply and use of parsonage are asked to correspond with the Rea. S. W. Wilcox of Cloverdale.

Bethlehem Church, San Francisco, welcomed one person into fellowship at the May communion service. Mr. Snider, the pastor, plans to go soon to Oregon for several weeks.

Four persons were welcomed into the fellowship of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, at the recent communion service. The Sunday-school attendance is up close to the 200 mark.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity Secretary Kelsey of the American Board will speak on "The Secret of the Vitality of the Pauline Churches."

The Rev. George M. Morrison, pastor of the North Congregational Church, Pasadena, has resigned and has accepted a call from the church at Ramona, in San Diego county. Mr. Morrison has been with the church in Pasadena since 1907 and has done fine work there. He will be greatly missed in Pasadena and in the fellowship in and around Los Angeles.

Secretary Miles B. Fisher has accepted a call to the work of Extension Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, with headquarters in New York City. Hitherto the missionary and educational work of this society has been under the direction of Secretary Ewing. In accordance with recent action by the National Council, this work is to be under separate direction hereafter, the educational department being in New York; and it is to this supervision that Dr. Fisher, we understand, has been called. The Pacific Coast will regret to lose him, but we rejoice in that we have been able to contribute another highly capable worker to the national society. Dr. Fisher is to go to his new work in August.

The Rev. George H. DeKay has resigned as field worker for the Sunday-school and Publishing Society and has accepted a position as Secretary of Religious Work in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. This work on which he is to enter is not merely during the war, but is intended to be permanent. Buildings are to be erected both at Fort McDowell and on Goat Island and permanent work established. Mr. DeKay is well suited for such work, as has been shown by the influence over the young men in the work done by him incidentally at the naval Training School for several years. Northern California will be sorry to lose him as a field worker, where he has been doing splendid service for the last eight months; but this new call that has come to him opens up a field for service which few can render as he can, and could not be disregarded.

DATE OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL CHANGED!

The Executive Committee finds itself obliged to make a slight change in the date announced for the National Council meeting at Columbus, Ohio. Just after the publication of the notice deisgnating Oct. 24-31, it was discovered that by a combination of accidents such as sometimes

occurs the fact had been overlooked that a Dairy Men's Convention was scheduled for Columbus Oct. 18-28. Quite apart from any patriotic disinclination to compete with an organization which seeks to increase the nation's food supply the Executive Committee doubts whether the National Council could holds its own against a convention with an anticipated attendance running into the tens of thousands. It therefore becomes necessary to select a new date.

After correspondence between members of the Committee and consultation with as many others as could be reached in a brief time it seemed plain that a choice must be made between Oct. 10-17 and Nov. 7-14. The decided predominence of opinion appears to run in favor of the earlier date and the Committee therefore have fixed upon it and hereby advises the churches that the Council will meet October 10.

It is a matter of regret that the period covered by the Council will thus overlap a very few state meetings. There seems no way of avoiding this. It is hoped that adjustments can be made so that neither Council nor Conference gatherings shall suffer. Notices will be sent at once to all pastors and delegates so that preparations may be vigorously pushed from this time forward.

HUBERT C. HERRING,
Secretary.

SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION.

The fifty-first annual meeting of the Santa Clara District Association met with the Pacific Grove Church, May 8th and 9th. The general theme was "Church Success, Some Ways of Promoting It." There were six papers and addresses bearing upon this theme. It was not the thought of the committee in arranging the program to attempt to be exhaustive in the choice of ways of promoting church success. Nor was it their idea to seek a definite co-ordination in the subjects assigned. It was rather their desire to have presented in a helpful manner some of the real ways in which church success may be attained. Certainly those who listened to the thoughtful presentations of the subjects treated carried away valuable suggestions and inspirations for their tasks.

The two evening hours were inspiring. Tuesday evening Mr. King gave the associational sermon on the theme, "The New Christianity." It was a strong plea for the gospel of good will, expressing itself in an effective ministry in society, and animated by a constructive tolerance. A scholarly basis for the final conclusion of the discourse was laid by the speaker in the earlier part of the sermon. On the closing evening of the gathering two sane and able addresses were delivered. The first was by Rev. A. S. Donat of Oakland on the thought of promoting church success by Social Service. The thing to be remarked in connection with this address was the skill with which the speaker struck a balance between work for the individual and for groups. Promoting church success by Evangelism was the theme upon which Rev. A. W. Hare spoke. It was given with Mr. Hare's accustomed clearness and force, and made an excellent conclusion to a splendid program.

The Woman's Hour, conducted by Mrs. H. M. Tenney, is deserving of special mention. It was made tender and impressive by the presentation of tributes to two women whose memories are dear to a wide circle of friends and to the wider circle of those who knew them only by the good works that follow them. Mr. Palmer spoke tenderly of the life of Miss Norton, for so many years a member of the church at Pacific Grove and Curator of the museum there: and Miss Laura Bell of Saratoga paid a loving tribute to the rare worth of the life and work of Miss Laura Richards.

In connection with this hour both the Home and Foreign missionary work was stressed. Mrs. E. R. Wagner presenting the foreign work and Mrs. W. E. Eckles giving some glimpses of work in Modoc county.

Aside from the resolutions relating to local matters, a resolution was passed and sent by night letter to the President of the United States urging him to use his influence in favor of prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, as a war measure. Also a resolution was passed giving a tribute to the generosity and worth of David A. Curry.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SAN MATEO CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The annual business meeting of the church was held in the church parlors Tuesday evening, May the 8th. About 60 persons partook of the sumptous supper served by the ladies. Following the supper reports of officers and committees were made. Reports indicated that the church is in a prosperous condition. The treasurer reported $1,619 spent on home expenditures and $170 given to benevolence. The clerk reported 25 accessions, ten of whom were on confession of faith. The Sunday school enrollment is 160, with an average attendance of 116. At the close of the business meeting the company retired to the church, where a fair-sized audience had gathered. The Sunday school orchestra played a selection following which Mr. Dickie introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Van Horn, who spoke on "Christianity and the Present Crisis." With a new list of officers and committees we face the new year with courage.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

The annual meeting of the Manhattan Church, Rev. W. P. Hardy, pastor, was a very delightful occasion. Seated around a banquet table loaded with good things, we enjoyed a social hour, which made us feel like a big family at home for Thanksgiving dinner. Being the tenth anniversary of our pastor's service with us, we gave him a ten dollar gold piece.

Reports of the year's work were very encouraging. Our church building has been repaired, foundations renewed, outside repainted, inside retinted and cement walks laid—all very necessary improvements.

We have raised for all purposes during the year, $913.-25, which looks quite large to a church of but 19 members.

The Lord has blessed us during the year past, but we are expecting greater things this year. M. B. H.

SONOMA ASSOCIATION.

The Sonoma Congregational Association had an all day meeting May 8th at their annual session at Santa Rosa. All the churches but two were represented by delegates and by many additional visitors. Rev. F. F. Farrington of Petaluma was elected moderator, and Rev. E. M. Isaac of Guerneville, scribe. The reports from the churches were very encouraging, showing large gains in membership, ap-

preciation of pastors, earnest efforts in the cause of reform, in some cases material gains in benevolences, in others in evening congregations and the attendance of men, and substantially in all, earnest work and an encouraging outlook.

The program was considered of high order. Mr. C. E. Wingate of Santa Rosa led the morning devotions, Rev. E. M. Isaac, the afternoon, and Rev. C. S. Price of Santa Rosa, the evening. The general theme was the Ter Centenary program. Rev. Hattie Douglas, the new minister of Todd, read a scholarly and graphic paper on "Looking Backward on the Foreign Field;" Rev. S. W. Wilcox of Cloverdale, also new to the field, gave a helpful and comprehensive address on "Looking Forward on the Foreign Field;" Rev. E. M. Isaac made an inspiring and instructive address on "The Social Future of the Church," broadening the thought of the need of the New Birth to include communities, states and nations; Rev. C. C. Cragin of Santa Rosa presented a paper on "The Work of the Church in Sonoma County," which the Santa Rosa Republican published for a larger audience; Rev. F. F. Farrington by his fine address on "Looking Backward in the Home Land" made us all glad that we are Congregationalists; Rev. Mr. Miller, the new accession to Green Valley, spoke briefly and brightly on "Looking Forward in the Home Land;" Rev. R. G. Harbutt of Kenwood in a very pleasing address on "The Congregational Ministry," told of our glorious traditions and the need of large effort to sustain and surpass them; Mrs. Lillian Hall of Santa Rosa, the county president, happily led the Woman's Hour, introducing Miss Grace Elmore and Mrs. E. B. Geer, both of Santa Rosa, who spoke, the first, comprehensively, of the missionary conventions at Asilomar, and the second, with great acceptance, of her experiences at Talladega University, Alabama; this was followed by a sweet solo by Mrs. Persons of Santa Rosa, representing the pathos of the negro melodies.

Rev. Mr. Harbutt presented comprehensive resolutions on national prohibition, patriotism, condemning unkind criticism of the government, calling for patience and poise, commending the Ter Centenary program, —, and Rev. Mr. Cragin offered memorial resolutions in honor of Rev. Henry Ainsworth of Cloverdale and Rev. William Rogers of Green Valley. A dinner was served by the ladies of the local church.

A full house greeted Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland, and listened with rapt attention to his very timely lecture on National Service. Drawing his theme from the book of Nehemiah , Mr. Palmer pictured graphically the scripture story, drawing three lesons therefrom, first, the need of universal service, the laborers working on the walls of Jerusalem, and the soldiers keeping guard; secondly, social reform, the oppression of the poor in those Old Testament times, and the need of securing cheaper and more abundant food and better condntion for the needy of today, and thirdly, a religious revival, Ezra reading from the neglected Book of the Law, standing upon the pulpits of wood erected for the occasion. Greater than all the other needs is the renewal of heart and the change of attitude toward God. With earnest persuasion Mr. Palmer told of the value to him of late of the motto gained from St. Paul's experience in the shipwreck, "God, whose I am, and whom I serve." The magnificent address closed with a caution against the race hostility of Nehemiah, due to the narrowness of the times. There are two Germanies, the Germany of which Mr. Palmer spoke to us three years before, in his return from the trip abroad, the Germany of art and science and literature, of care for the destitute, of economy and efficiency; this Germany we must continue to love, while resisting to the utmost the Germany of militarism and autocracy, in the interest of the world at large and of the German people themselves.

On the back of the program of the Association was printed a noble poem, written by Mr. Palmer, and dedicated to President Wilson, which the audience sang with volume and enthusiasm, as a hymn of loyalty. C. C. C.

OBSERVATIONS.

In the panhandle of Idaho, nearly one hundred miles South-west of Spokane, is Wallace, the County Seat of Shoshone Sounty. This town of 4000 people is a mining center. The mines are being worked extensively, and as a consequence money is plentiful and no one is complaining from lack of employment. Situated somewhat like the bottom of a cup, with precipitous hills on every side, it is somewhat shut in from the communities without, tho two railroads connect it with the outside world. Scattered all thru the mountains are small mining communities, thus enabling Wallace to do somewhat in jobbing, some extensive sales being made by good sized grocery firms. The business streets being nicely paved with asphalt, and graceful buildings, both business and residence, greet the eye of the observant visitor. Four church edifices are in evidence, Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist and Congregational. These are by no means large, and were one fourth of the citizens minded to attend church on the same Sabbath, there would not be room enough to receive them. Ours is one of, if not indeed, the oldest, and was erected under the pastorate of Rev. J. B. Orr, now so successfully leading our forces at the Boulevard Church, Oakland. Following him have been several men of ability with varaying success, none of them doing a greater work than the popular young pastor, Rev. Carl Veazie, now devoting heart and hand and head to the development of the Kingdom in the midst of circumstances somewhat discouraging. Recently taking to himself one of the bright young women of Spokane, he is comfortably housed in the parsonage, and with his efficient companion is meeting with great success, more particularly with the young people. A Sunday School of over 100 boys and girls, comparing favorably with any other like group to be found anywhere, greets him Sunday after Sunday, many of whom help to swell the congregation in a community, largely indifferent to the churches' invitation to worship. Though the membership is small, some outsiders manifest their interest in various ways, and a group of women, known as the Ladies' Benevolent Society, illustrate the devotion of the gentler sex, without which so many of our churches would perish.

Among the burdens this devoted young pastor had bequeathed to him, was a debt of over $400, due to the Church Building Society. Added only recently to this was a parsonage loan, making the church's obligations more than $2000. Believing the best work could not be done with this load pressing upon the small congregation, he determined to lift the same, and hence on a recent Sunday, following some personal solicitation, more than $1200 was subscribed, to be paid within a year. Immediately some $250 cash was in hand, a rather successful solicitor ready to interview leading citizens, not already pledged, and great hopes entertained not only that the overdue obligation would soon be met, but the parsonage installments be paid long before due. When it is remembered this enthusiastic young pastor is the son of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Veazie, of Ione, Wash., so long known as untiring in missionary labor in Kansas, Utah, and Washington, there may be some hereditary explanation

for the success attending the present pastorate at Wallace.

Returning to the Evergreen state the Observer hastened to Colfax, where was in session the East Washington Association. Here for fourteen years Rev. J. H. Bainton has ministered to our growing church—now numbering 200 or more members. His heart has been made glad by the erection not long since of a fine modern edifice, admirably adapted in every way for 20th century work, and recently relieved from debt, through the united efforts of his people, inspired by a most generous offer on the part of a benevolent friend. And if to fill his cup to overflowing his brilliant son at Yale School of Religion has been given a Felowship yielding him $1500, with which for two years he may be enabled to pursue post-graduate studies at his alma mater.

But, to the Association! The attendance was good, considering large territory included within the Association's bounds. Reports from the churches were encouraging, and the program, faithfully carried out, was excellent. Many new faces were in evidence, revealing the constant changes in our ministry, and the Observer was made glad by greeting two of the veterans. Rev. T. W. Walters, for ıny years wise and faithful missionary in this region, and Jonathan Edwards, correspondent of The Pacific, one of the pioneer pastors in Spokane, and a Welshman whose fiery eloquence captured his hearers. His address on the "Principles of Christ in Missionary Work," was given merited attention, and the applause following was evidence that his genius in this line is not being lessened by advancing years. Necessity compelled the writer to regretfully depart ere hearing on the closing evening the addresses of Rev. C. H. Harrison of Pullman and of Dr. Harper of Westminister, Spokane. The former for several years has been doing an especially fine work among the students at the State College, and the latter is fairly considered unparalled in the history of Westminster for wise and effective leadership. Never was the church larger in membership nor more devoted to evangelistic efforts and more ready to stretch out the helping hand far to philanthropic and missionary activities.

Then a Sunday in Tonchet—a village sixteen miles from Walla Walla in the midst of an agricultural community! Here our church has had a precarious existence. Not strong financially, though aided with home missionary funds, it has had to be content with brethren—some old, some young—from the collegetown, their services being confined almost entirely to Sunday, and the flock suffering from want of faithful pastoral care. Happily some months since the Rev. and Mrs. Orth not long ago leading our forces at Genesee, Idaho, formerly of the Middle West, were persuaded to take hold of the work, occupying the parsonage. The latter greatly out of repair was put in fine condition, and once comfortably housed this faithful man and wife have known nothing but the development of church and congregation. With excellent preaching on Sunday, faithful pastoral work through the week, with wise leadership of the women on the part of Mrs. Orth, Touchet is taking on new life; and in addition to the new garage for the recently purchased Ford, and the much needed coat of paint soon to adorn the church edifice, the somewhat overdue parsonage debt is ere long to be met, and this church to take its place with the advancing column of Congregational enterprises. OBSERVER.

Teach us that no evil is intolerable but a guilty conscience, and that nothing can hurt us if with true loyalty of affection we keep Thy commandments and take refuge in Thee.—William E. Channing.

The Home

TABLE-TALK.

A boy of seventeen and a girl of fifteen, children of certain neighbors of ours, gave us not long ago a delightful evening, and all unconsciously, for all they did was to participate naturally and spontaneously in the general conversatiion at dinner at their house. We had not met these children before, for both were away at school. On our way home that evening, my husband said:

"Did you notice how well those youngsters talked? They might well have been grown people, taking their part so ably and so naturally, without the slightest suggestion of forwardness or precocity. Generally, children at dinner with grownups are either a nuisance by interruptions, or make you uncomfortable by sitting like wooden images under some enforced ban of silence. That boy's stories were as pat and as well told as any of the grownups had, and his vocabulary is quite remarkable."

Next day I met the mother of those children, and she quite glowed with pride and pleasure as I told her how we had enjoyed the company of her young people, and repeated what my husband had said.

"They have always taken part with us in our table-talk," she said. "I owe the inspiration of it to my wise old mother, who, as I know now, deliberately began it with me and my brothers and sisters.

"I did not understand the philosophy of it until one day, when my boy was a little fellow, I 'hushed' him at the table, and said: 'You mustn't talk now, son. Let the older people talk. You know, "Children should be seen, not heard." My mother said, very gently: 'Please let him talk, my dear. I love to hear him, and it is a very necessary part of his education.' Afterward, when we were alone, she explained:

" 'When I was a little girl, I was always "hushed up" at table. My father, one of the best men, in many ways, that ever lived, had been brought up in the old tradition, and we children were expected to sit through the meals, as he had done himself, in silence. We were not allowed to argue or venture any opinions of our own; such ideas as we ever ventured to express were poohpoohed or otherwise discouraged. There never was any "table-talk" at our house that amounted to anything—only trivial neighborhood gossip, or veiled allusions in language designedly over our heads. We were afraid to talk. To us meal-time was a dull and dreary occasion, of about as much intellectual value to us as feeding-time to animals. I came even so early to believe that the old maxim, "Children should be seen, not heard," was a false and wicked one, and I resolved that it never should rule in my home, or be used to justify the suppressions of my children.' "

"I never had thought of it before," said this mother, "but I remembered then how my mother had encouraged us to talk at table, and I saw why meal-time had been for us always a delightful time of exchange of ideas, in which even the little children had their part. And I remembered, too, and understood why it was, that mother, though she loved to hear us chatter, seldom, spoke herself unless spoken to.

"From that day, my husband and I deliberately changed our course with Billy, and when Dorothy was old enough to talk, we did the same with her. We encouraged them to think things out for themselves, and to express their ideas.

"Grown folks do not realize that knowledge is only half possessed unless one can express it and discuss it. The

children had breakfast with us, and talked as freely as we did. Of course they had to learn to be polite, not to interrupt, and to remember that it is well to listen to older and wiser folks; but what they had to say was treated with respect, and when their ideas appeared mistaken we tried to correct them without leaving them with a sense of humiliation.

"At luncheon I was always at home with them if possible. I asked them what they had been doing all the morning at school or at play, showed myself interested, talked over what had happened, and told them what I had done and seen in my grown up world, making it as simple and interesting for them as I could.

"While they were so young as to need early supper I always sat with them, read aloud some good story or poem, and talked it over with them, or told them about something of current interest that I read in books or newspapers. I would discuss events in the big outside world with some 'prominent citizen'—why not with my own children, who meant so much more to me?

"When the children were old enough to be up at dinner with us, at first after they had had their own supper, and later when they ate with us, they were as much a part of the occasion as either their father or I. They listened eagerly as father told what he had done and seen and heard during the day, and made such remarks as occurred to them, with perfect freedom. The fact is, however, that they were glad to keep still while father told of the thrilling happenings of the world. They never dreamed that anything unusual was being done with them or for them. They would be very much astonished, I imagine, even now, to know that any one saw anything remarkable in their conduct or conversation. It has all been so perfectly natural and spontaneous. My husband and I have greatly enjoyed our children. They never have bored us. I think parents lose a great deal when they do not have the free conversation of their own children. Why are they so blind?"

I have seen so many children of the other kind, brought up in the other way, whose lives never really touch those of their parents. Think of the case in which a trained baby-nurse comes and takes possession, remaining in charge of the child's whole life for perhaps three or four years—a splendid guardian of his physical welfare, no doubt. At four or five comes a French or German governess, first-class in the language, of course. By the time the child graduates from these, he may go to boarding-school or college; and so from earliest days he has been, all but constantly, in the society of people other than his parents.

There are instances, perhaps very many of them, in which the child gets from some nurse or governess or tutor a personal influence and inspiration far beyond any that could be given by either his mother or his father. In such cases, of course, the result justifies the means. But how vastly more frequent are the instances in which children, in families whose wealth would enable them to command the best of educational skill, have had during all their most impressionable years, through all the waking hours of day after day, week after week, month after month, the companionship and conversation of relatively illiterate, dull-witted, commonplace persons—to say nothing of those fearfully numerous instances in which the influences were positively evil.

You see the results of this sort of thing in the feeble attempts at conversation on the part of scores of college youths and debutantes; they have been through the forms of education, but it has given them only a veneer because in their own homes no foundation of general intelligence and responsiveness was laid; they were shut out from real mental activity; the conversation they heard habitually was commonplace and superficial if not aboslutely injurious. Later on, they marry, and give ghastly dinners, where the subjects of conversation continue to be cheap personal gossip and frivolous nonsense of the quality to which they were accustomed in their childhood because they associated habitually with shallow and mediocre people.

The best conversation you can have in your house is none too good for your children. The pains you take to have at your table interesting and inspiring people for the entertainment and inspiration of your guests are well enough, so far as they go; there should be no sparing effort to that end. But far more important it is that the expanding minds of the young people for whose guidance and development you have made yourself responsible should be given the benefit of the best you have yourselves, and the best and most inspiring audiences you can bring to them. There is no better opportunity for the exercise of this duty and privilege than at your own home table. The past, present, and future of a home can be judged almost absolutely by the quality and temper of its table talk.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

WHY DILLY MISSED THE TRAIN.

No wonder she was called Dilly. Such a bit of a girl was altogether too small for grandma's quaint old Quaker name, Diligence.

And no wonder she was sober; for she and mother and little Don had all been invited to spend New Year's with Grandma Diligence. Then Don had been taken with the croup. He was better but still too croupy to go out of doors.

"Dilly," exclaimed mother, suddenly, "there's no reason why you shouldn't go by yourself. You know what train to take as well as mother does, and grandpa will meet you."

"O mother," said Dilly, "could I really—truly go? Without you?"

"Of course," said mother. "Don's all right, now. And you're a big girl. Run along quick and get ready Mother'll pack your satchel."

Dilly fairly danced into her dainty little clothes. "There will be turkey, you know," she said to herself, 'and maybe plum pudding. And anyway there'll be ice-cream."

At last Dilly was ready. She kissed Don. Then she kissed mother. "I wish you were going, too," she said a little wistfully. "Maybe grandpa and grandma won't be glad to see just me."

"Oh, but they will be, little daughter," said mother. "Now run along. There's just a half-hour to train time. Be sure to have grandpa or some one put you on the right train, Friday. Or stay over Sunday if you like, Dilly. We'll be all right."

"I'll see, mother," said Dilly, feeling very important indeed. "Good-by." The door banged gayly. Dilly was off.

From the window mother and Don watched her. "Why, she's coming back," exclaimed mother. "Forgotten something, Dilly?'

"I didn't tell Tinker I was going," said Dilly, "and he might feel hurt. Good-by, Tinker," she cooed to the big sleepy yellow cat in the chair. "I'm so sorry I can't take you. But you see there's Duke. And some way dogs don't like you."

"Run along, dear," said mother.

"There's time to kiss Don again," said Dilly, hugging him, and you, too, mother. Are you almost quite sure you can spare me?"

"Oh, yes, Dilly," said mother, cheerily. "Now be off."

"She's coming back—Dilly is," said Don the next minute.

"I just came back to say," panted Dilly, "I think—I won't—stay over Sunday."

"Just as you like, Dilly," said mother.

"You might miss me, you know, mother." Dilly's hand was on the door-knob.

"Of course mother'll miss you," said mother, smiling; "but she'll think what a good time you're having. Now, Dilly, do run along, and, when you get to the corner, if there isn't much time, you better take a car."

"Good-by, mother," called Dilly. Then she went slowly down the walk. She turned and blew a kiss to Don. Then she ran off as fast as her two little plump legs would take her.

Out of sight of home Dilly's run became a hippity-hop. Her hippity-hop became a walk. At the first corner she paused. "I wonder," she said to herself, "which way I'd better go. This way is longer, but I like it best, and I guess there's time enough."

For several minutes Dilly walked briskly, then her footsteps began to lag. "Mother's going to miss you awfully," said a little thought.

Just as that thought spoke, Dilly came to the last corner. She looked at the big clock. "I've ten minutes yet," she said. "I guess I won't take a car.'

It was a long street, and some way Dilly couldn't hurry. Her thoughts talked among themselves. "Who'll do the errands?" said one, anxiously. "But there'll be turkey, you know," suggested another, "and the loveliest ice-cream and little nut cakes."

'Who'll 'muse Don, I'd just like to know," asked a thought. "But you'll have the wishbone," said another, gayly, " 'cause you'll be the littlest girl there."

"It will be only to-day and to-morrow," said a thought 'way in the back part of Dilly's head, "then you'll be coming back."

"But there'll be two whole long nights," said another very loud.

Dilly's feet came to a sudden stop. She looked in at the window of the big candy store. Afterwards the sight of that window made a queer burning in her eyes and a queer smarting in her throat.

"If you don't hurry, you'll miss the train," said a big thought.

That started Dilly along. But her feet went more and more slowly. Cars whizzed by—gongs clanging. Hacks rattled past. People with satchels jostled her. Dilly had a queer breathless feeling. The satchel was heavy. She set it down. She leaned against a door-way to rest. Then a thought, which had been trying to get a word in for ever so long, spoke right out, "Why not miss the train?" it said boldly.

Dilly picked up the satchel. She took as many as ten quick steps. Then she began to lag again. Slower—slower—slower, her feet draged heavily along. Sometimes they scarcely went at all. You wouldn't believe such speedy little feet could go so slowly and stumblingly. Then suddenly, across the clear frosty air, came a long shrill whistle, a deafening rush and roar. The train was coming.

"Run!" called several thoughts. But Dilly walked slowly along. Grasping her satchel tight, she went into the waiting-room.

A string of people hurried through the gate. They were coming in, not going out.

Dilly took a long breath. "Please," she said to the man at the gate, "has my train gone?"

Every one knew Dilly. "Just gone, Dilly," he said soberly. "Were you goin' to your grandpa's? Well, now, that's too bad!"

Fifteen minutes later Dilly dashed into mother's arms.

"O mother," she cried. "O mother, I missed my train."

"Missed the train?' repeated mother. "But, Dilly, how could you?"

"You see, mother," said Dilly, "some of me wanted to go, and some of me wanted to stay with you; and my feet wouldn't hurry. O mother, can't you think how it was?"

Mother laughed a little, but she hugged Dilly close. "Mother knows," she said.—Alice E. Allen in The Christian Register.

A SLEEPING-BAG STORY.

Once there was a little Green Worm. His home was in a green tree, and he ate green leaves every minute that he was awake. Whenever he got too sleepy to eat any longer, he went right to sleep on the leaf that he happened to be eating; and when he awoke, he went right to eating his bedclothes, or mattress or hammock, or whatever you choose to call it. So he grew plumper and greener all the time—eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating.

But one day he grew sleepier than ever before, and the first thing he knew he was making a nice little silken sleeping-bag for himself, spinning and spinning, as nicely as if he had taken spinning lessons all his life!

He spun so fast and so well that soon his sleeping-bag was finished. It clung safely to a twig. Then he stretched himself and went to sleep, snug as a bug in a rug.

It was well that he had made himself such a nice warm covering, for soon afterward it grew cold; oh, so cold! The wind blew, and the snow fell deep. If the little Green Worm had not made that sleeping-bag, he would surely have had a very hard time. But, being so warm, he slept very soundly; and, sleeping so soundly, he never knew one thing about the snow or the wind.

Finally the snow melted, the trees began to grow green, and the merry sunshine crept right inside the little Green Worm's sleeping-bag, to tell him that spring had come.

Then he awoke. He yawned.

"I must get up. I'm hungry," he said to himself. So he tried to get up, just as he used to do. But he found that he was fastened tightly in his sleeping-bag!

"Dear me!" he said to himself. "This was a very nice thing to stay inside of, but not so nice to get out of! But I must do it!"

Then how he stretched and pushed! Oh, how hard he did try! Sometimes he was almost discouraged; and often he had to stop and rest. But he kept on bravely. It made his heart go thumpety-thump, and his breath come very hard. But he kept on.

"This time, I'll do it!" he said to himself at last. "Now—here goes! Ah, it's opening, it's opening!'

Sure enough, with that last push and twist he could see bright sunlight through the rent he had made.

"One more try!" he said, "and I'm out!"

So he made one more try, and he was out!

How glad he was!

"But what are these things sticking to me?" he cried. "I didn't have those before I took that long nap!"

He looked over his shoulder rather glumly. Then he laughed.

"Why, they're wings!" he cried. "Wings! I'm a butterfly, a lovely yellow butterfly! I can fly! I can ffy! Oh, oh, oh!"

Then he spread his wings carefully, a little at a time, so as not to tear them, though it was hard to be patient, and do it slowly enough. But presently they were all ready. And then away he went through the sunny air, to the waiting flowers!

"Oh, how glad I am," he whispered to himself, "that I did not get discouraged and give up trying to get out!"—Minnie L. Upton, in Sunday School Times.

A PRAYER IN THESE DAYS OF STRESS.

Eternal God, sustain us in these days of stress that our feet stumble not on the dark mountains nor falter in the valley of the shadow. Deliver us from sloth and indifference and from every selfish indulgence. Fill us wih the spirit of the great adventure. Quicken every noble purpose. Awake our hesitating wills that we may take up our burdens resolutely and give ourselves to the high cause committeed to us, not by inward vision only, but by faithful service. Amen.

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